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THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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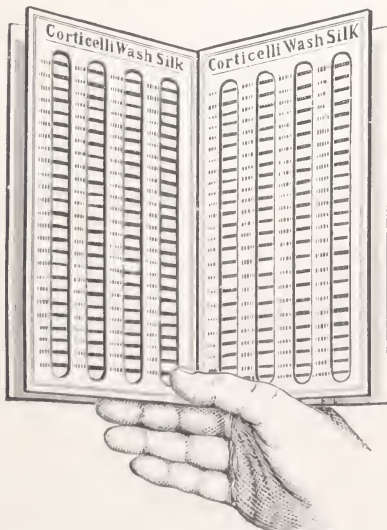
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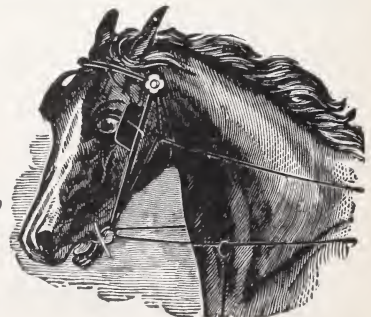
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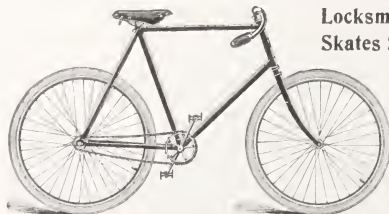
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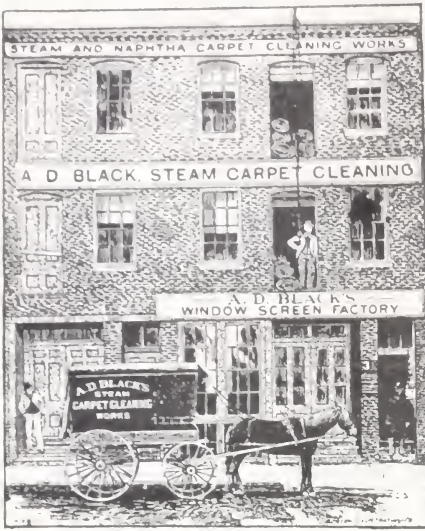
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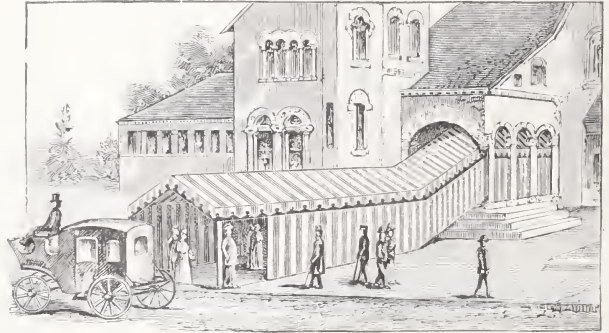
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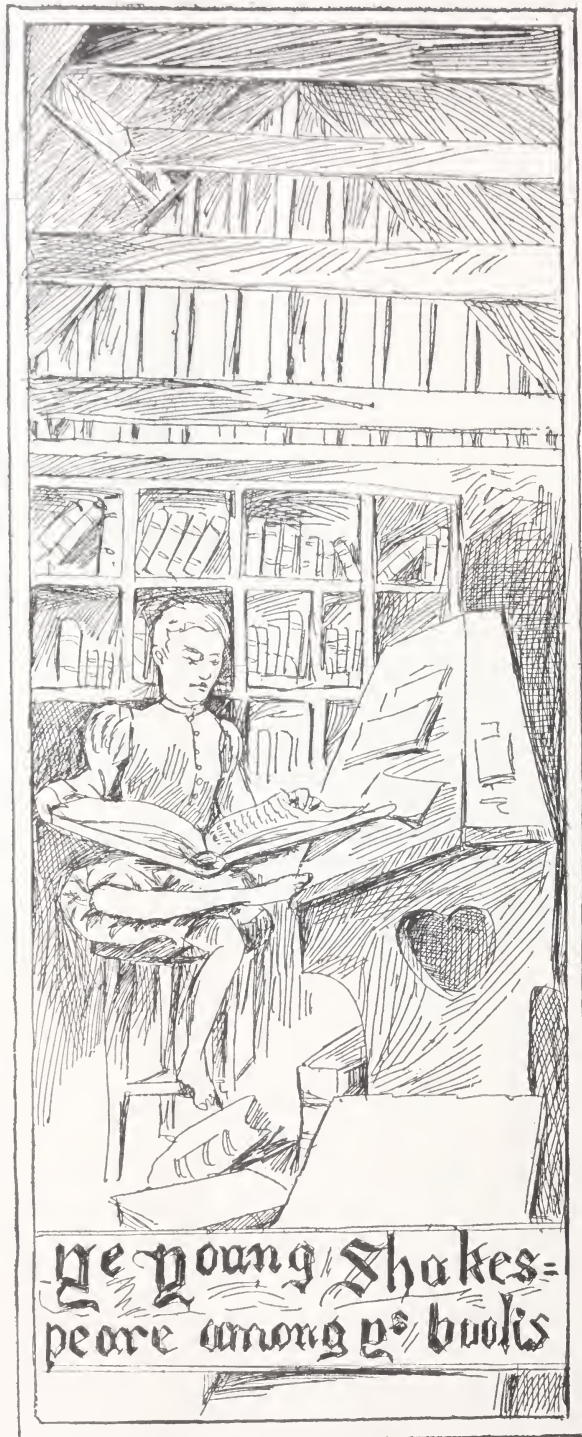
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STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

Latin School Register

VOL. XIV.

BOSTON, MAY, 1895.

No. 8.

The Village Schoolmaster.

I HAVE already acquainted the readers of the REGISTER with the strange and melancholy story of the village idiot. *Ut supra demonstravimus*, the old man was shunned by his fellow creatures and must have led a very lonesome life until the arrival in town of the new schoolmaster from Shad County. This was Peter Line, a bachelor of some forty-five summers, still young at heart, with a smiling countenance, and a warm, affectionate nature.

The arrival of a schoolmaster was a great event in the village, and the members of the village school had more than once assembled behind that temple of Minerva to discuss the probabilities of the coming reign, or the sternness of the coming tyrant, or the mode of punishment which would be inaugurated at his advent. His reception was peculiar. Hesitant excitement pervaded the little room when the new master walked up to the old desk, laid his bundle of books and papers on it, and looked over his little flock. Peter Line was a genial-looking personage, with bright eyes, but torn coat; a smiling mouth, but worn trousers. His school costume consisted of an old blue jacket, loose, baggy and dusty, and a little, dirty, black cap, which sat askew on his head. From under this cap sprawled his gray locks, like vines creeping up from the edges of a board-walk.

His classes soon learned to like him, both for his originality and kindness; and he was not long in making himself welcome at every country fireside.

When Peter heard the sad story of Henry Leavitt, he resolved to go and see if he could do anything for the old man. Now, to make the old man's acquaintance was no easy task; and though Peter went often, and talked

cheerfully to the old man, or helped him at his work in the garden, the summer was well advanced before he could enter the idiot's humble abode. The misery of the old man's life struck him so forcibly that Peter determined to help him. The schoolmaster did nothing then, but when school term closed he went to work. He bought material enough for a small house with his winter's savings; and, after many days, a cottage began to grow up on Leavitt's land. Every day the passers would see Peter busy there; and the echoing sound of his hammer, or his merry whistle would be heard over the fields. Old Leavitt sat tranquilly by, occasionally assisting or carrying Peter some lunch. In due time the building was completed, a snug bungalow of some five rooms. Over the door was a little, ornamental bracket.

As the work progressed the villagers wondered more and more, and began to think that Peter had caught an infection from Leavitt. But, though they saw it not, the affection ripened. Possibly the old man was crazy, yet insanity does not crush gratefulness from the heart as much as avarice or other more ordinary maladies. Leavitt and Peter were soon fast friends, like father and son; only Peter was the father, and Leavitt was content to obey him and do whatever the kind-hearted schoolmaster asked.

Toward September Peter bought a lantern, painted it black, and hung it over the door. Slowly he transferred the old man's battered property from the ruined dwelling to the new cottage, realizing that the human heart, like a plant, puts out deep roots into the soil of home, and must be torn away gently in order to do no harm to the leaf and flower. In the new home, Peter made his old friend's room

as much like that in the old house as possible. It had a pleasant window looking out to the south, within arm's reach of the apple tree near the side door.

Gradually the simple, family life of the two men became rooted in the new house. Peter tore down the old one and became a fixed resident with Leavitt.

Public opinion was divided. Some thought that Peter had forced himself on the old man and usurped his limited domain; others felt that he did it all from his native kindness of heart. Leavitt welcomed him to his cold hearth as the flower of the field does the sunshine. The old man felt secure in Peter's care, and his numbed heart warmed with the cheerful life that the master brought with him.

And every evening the lantern was lighted outside and two happy hearts rested in sleep within.

* * * * *

So things went. The winter school opened. After one taste of kind instruction neither scholars nor parents would listen to any one for teacher but Peter. So Peter went back to his place at school, and sometimes his scholars would conquer their fear and venture into the cottage. Peter himself was somewhat anxious of the reception that might await his little friends, and it was with a beating heart that he led the little golden-haired daughter of the village grocer into Leavitt's room one October afternoon.

The old man was seated at the window when the opening of the door drew his attention. There in the doorway stood Peter, and before him stood the little girl, her golden locks lighted with the mellow October sun. Opening his eyes wide he gazed at the little child, and seemed about to speak. The appearance of this bit of childish innocence, in the home that had been so long dreary, recalled to him the youthful freshness of her whom he had loved, and the thoughts that flooded his memory seemed to overwhelm him. He gazed and gazed for many moments; then his head bowed and the child ran to the door in alarm. Peter took her out quietly, sent her home and returned to his old friend. As he entered the door, he saw tears on his friend's withered cheeks, and he turned quietly away.

At the evening meal Peter appeared as if nothing had happened, but he saw with surprise that the shock of the afternoon had been

greater than he supposed. After supper the old man went, as usual, to light the lantern, but instead of hanging it up he brought it with him into the little room. Sitting in silence for some time, while Peter cleaned the table, he motioned his friend to a chair, and began to speak in an unnatural voice, which trembled as with some suppressed emotion.

"Peter," said he, "Peter,"—and burst into passionate sobs. "O my God, how selfish I have been! Peter, I am not crazy, God knows! I was but too glad to have them think so, for that kept them away. Oh! but I was lonely; and when they shunned me I wanted to tell them I was as sane as they—but I couldn't. And when you came, Peter,—and were so good to me—God thank you! I know not how. Peter," and his voice seemed to fail, "I am old now. My time is run, I know it. God alone can reward you; but I felt that I must tell you and thank you, and bless you for your kindness to me. The others shunned me because they thought me mad. They told you I was so, but you have come to me and comforted me. I can do you nothing in return. Of course the house is yours, and the land, aye, everything; but that cannot repay you. I shall soon be gone, hear my last advice. You will miss me,—I hope, I know. You will want some one to fill my place. Mary Alden,—color not Peter, I have seen it and know it,—Mary will make this little home a happy one. Yes, Peter, she will love and cherish you; and who would not? God keep that home ever as happy as you have made my last years."

Peter sat in stupefied surprise, as the old man crept away to bed. He sat there thinking and thinking, till the evening deepened into night. The hours flew by and he still sat there buried in tumultuous and overwhelming thought. The lantern burned lower and lower, and ere long the faint gray of dawn paled the eastern horizon. The day advanced and the lusty crowing of the cocks roused Peter. He hurriedly blew out the lanterns and hastening to his old friend's bedroom noiselessly opened the door.

The first rays of the rising sun stole through the diamond-shaped panes of the window and lighted up the sleeper's face. Peter started, went to the bedside and looked into the face of Death—a face so tranquil, so calm, with a faint smile about the thin lips,

that he shed no tear, but stood speechless before the presence of the awful Deliverer who had freed his friend from the troubles of his melancholy existence.

* * * * *

Another October sunset lighted up Peter's little home. Peter stood with smiling face at his cottage door. By his side stood a

woman, not young, but with a little of youth's freshness still tinging her cheeks. She stood quietly by Peter, and they both watched the sunlight fade from the western sky. As it grew dark, Peter took down the old lantern over the door. "Mary," said he, "we will not keep this here longer. I will put it away." S., '96.

My China Cat.

IN A prominent place on the mantel in my room, gravely nodding its head, sits my first and only pet, my china cat. It is by no means handsome. Its whiskers are not to be mentioned. It is snub-nosed and cross-eyed. Its tail is a minus quantity. It has two whole feet and two half feet. But still it is dear to me. This is not an office cat. It is neither an old maid's cat nor a family cat. It is a virtuous cat. It does not hold midnight-soirees on the fence and in the backyard regions. It remains at home nights and has never yet threatened to join the concert companies which nightly hold high carnival in the neighboring realms where the woodshed and the barn are clearly outlined in the moonlight and upon whose sharply outlined ridges, "many a time and oft," I have beheld the silhouette of feline Patti howling in concert. Ah, yes! my cat loves to remain at home; and when I occasionally entertain my friends of an evening, that cat seems to keep up a continual nodding of its sapient head.

Some cats have a history; some have not. My cat has one. Its history may not be very interesting, but interesting or not I shall tell the story of its life. It first saw the light of day on a Christmas morning about four years ago. On that never-to-be-forgotten morn a young lady presented my brother with a large package. After unwinding almost half a ball of twine and about two dozen wrappings of paper, he discovered the cat, then as now, wisely nodding its head. Not knowing how valuable a treasure he had, he, *misérable dictu*, consigned the harmless quadruped to the innermost depths of a gloomy closet. A few months afterward I came upon it. At once seeing its great worth, and rescuing it from the depths of the closet, I raised it to an honorable position on the top of

my mantel. There it has remained two years, watching over my room and seemingly nodding its head in approval or disapproval of my deeds. It is there when I start for school in the morning, and there I find it when I return at night. It was the last thing I saw on my return. However, one day last April I missed my pet from its accustomed position. After much searching and after many anxious inquiries I found it in the cellar. Again I rescued it and it guarded my room all summer.

If my cat could talk, what tales would it not relate! It could tell of mince-pie supers and consequent nightmares; of contests with Virgil, Cicero, and Xenophon, and of many a midnight tussle with Homer. What delightful memories it recalls! In a closet, near which it stands, is a secret drawer, and in that drawer I can always find a supply of mince-pie, cake, tarts and candies. There I have my diary, which tells a story. Is there any need of telling what that story is? What does a package of letters tied with a scented orange-colored ribbon usually signify in the private drawer of a boy of sixteen? If your china pets, or whatever pets you may have, could talk, how many such tales could they not tell? Ask yourself that question. One of the many troubles which I have confided to my wise cat, I shall now briefly narrate for the benefit of my readers.

At the school where I happen to be, we smaller boys are persecuted by a bully much larger and older than ourselves. He is known by the gentle name of "Mary." In no way does the name fit him. I have often wondered how he came to be so called. He abuses us without mercy. He is one of the largest boys in the school, and, therefore, has it all his own way with us. Many a lump of chalk thrown by him have I stopped with my eye.

At night, before trusting myself to the arms of Morpheus, numberless are the lead bullets which I draw forth from each of my socks. We are all afraid to tackle "Mary," as he has a pair of long arms and hard fists which he knows how to use; but we do some pretty hard thinking, and I fear some of our thoughts would not look well on paper. Many and many a time have I come to my room, after suffering some fresh indignity from his hands, and, labelling a pillow with that tyrant's name, pommelled it most unmercifully. Much satisfaction have I seemed to obtain from punching that inoffensive effigy, all the time wishing that it were what it represented in my thoughts. We shall get even with "Mary" some day, though, for we shall all get together and half murder him so that he will never, never bother us again.

Ah! recollections come thick and fast; but "life is short and time is fleeting;" so I must make a beginning of my end. The ending is too sad to relate. Oh, friends, the saddest, saddest sight my dearly beloved pet has ever beheld it saw last Wednesday evening.

On that fated eve it beheld me going forth proudly arrayed in an extra good suit of clothes. What happiness was depicted on my countenance! I seemed to see fame and glory awaiting me on the dance hall floor. But oh, "what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

One hour after my departure from my china pet, that faithful feline saw the door open and a woe-begone figure enter the room. The cat bobbed its head in anger to think that such a dirt-covered and cast down specimen of humanity should invade the precincts of my room. But its anger quickly turned to pain and sorrow when it recognized in this despicable specimen of the genus *homo* its own master, your humble servant. Then, indeed, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth." Vigorous and emphatic were the words heard in my room that night, and the atmosphere of the room surely was turned into colors which rivaled in brilliancy those of the rainbow. Who would imagine that such ruin could be caused by an innocent-looking banana peel which happened to be lying in close proximity to a large pool of muddy water.

Only my cat heard my expressions of anger, and the dear pet never reveals such secrets which happen to be entrusted to her care.

My pen could run on thus forever, but I must refrain as my space is limited. I trust, however, that in some subsequent issue of the REGISTER I shall be able to narrate for the interested public a few more of my trials in life which my china cat has witnessed during its short but eventful career upon my parlor mantel.

A. W. S.

Jed.

WE WERE standing, Sawyer and I, on the platform of the old station at Withington when the 7:40 express swept up. It was a fine train, four Pullmans, a dining-car and a Wagner sleeper. On the end of the train was the president's private car "Bertha." This car was one of the handsomest specimens of rolling stock I ever saw. Standing on the rear-platform of the "Bertha" was a well-built young fellow, dressed in a blue uniform, the conductor of the private car.

Turning to Sawyer I expressed my surprise that one so young should occupy a position usually filled by men who have served the road for years. The old station-agent, a man who had grown gray in the service of the company, hearing my remark, came up to me

and said, "Ay, but he deserved the place; have you never heard tell how Jed saved the Limited Mail?"

We both said we had not. "Well, if you want to hear it, come into the ticket-office when the train goes and I'll tell you of as plucky a piece of work as I ever heard or read of."

As we had nothing to do, we eagerly accepted the offer and as soon as the train sped away we repaired to the ticket office. The old fellow was seated before the stove, poking the fire with the end of a stick. He motioned us to a seat and began his story like this:

"Jed's father had been an engineer. He had been killed at the disaster near Stony river three years before, leaving a widow and three children, of whom Jed was the oldest

Jed's ambition was to be a railroad man and although only seventeen he understood everything pertaining to railroad matters.

"Last September he heard of a vacant position in the main station at D—. Although this was only the position of an assistant baggage-master he thought he might be able to rise to the position of conductor, the highest point of his ambition, if he could obtain this job. As he knew the conductor of the Limited Mail he obtained a free ride in the baggage car from him. The train was just leaving the station at Riverdale when the operator rushed out in his shirt sleeves and handed the conductor a message which ran like this: 'Junction Round-house. No. 47 has broken loose. If you do not reach the up grade at Meadville you are lost.' The conductor handed the despatch to the engineer who crowded on all steam to reach Meadville, seven miles away. As the junction was only nine miles from Meadville the wild engine could not be more than a mile away. No. 47 was a large compound engine which drew the express that followed the Limited Mail. After the Mail had passed the round-house it was the custom to take 47 down the track a short way to a sand bank about 150 yards below the switch, to fill her sand-box. On this day one of the wipers volunteered to run the engine down to the sand bank as the engineer had not yet arrived. The engine was going at a fair rate of speed and as it went by the switch, the yard-master told the fellow to slow up. The man becoming excited, threw the throttle wide open and the engine jumped forward, he rushed to the lever, but instead of reversing it he threw it forward; then, instead of trying to remedy his mistakes, alarmed by the increasing velocity of the engine, he jumped off the step and 47 went tearing towards the Limited Mail at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour.

"The Limited Mail was going on at a swift rate and Meadville was now but three miles away and it could easily be reached in three minutes. Before them was a level stretch of track crossed at about the middle by a bridge. Everything looked favorable when suddenly 47 turned the curve and broke on the level stretch not a quarter of a mile away. She was going at a fearful rate, wobbling from side to side and threatening every moment to jump over the embankment. Every one on the Mail perceived that the engine would over-

take them before they reached Meadville and at once there was a scene of awful confusion. Women shrieked and cried and all crowded to the platforms to jump from the train when the shock came. Jed, who saw the awful danger, ran to the conductor and told him of a plan by which he thought that he could save the train. The conductor said, 'It is a dreadful thing to do, but it is the only thing that will save the train. May God help you and grant you may be successful.' They were now about 200 yards from the bridge mentioned and 47 was about 100 yards behind. Jed climbed up to the roof of the swaying cars and grasped the telldales in front of the bridge as they brushed against him. He hung on to these while the train swept by under him; then, as he saw the smoke stack of the pursuing engine, he let go his hold and fell, as he calculated, on the coal in the tender. For a moment he could do nothing he was so stupefied. Then, recollecting himself he staggered to the cab and reversed the lever. The engine slackened slowly, and some say her boiler had even touched the rear platform of the Limited Mail before she fell behind. When she stopped at Meadville it was found that her own momentum had carried her the last half mile as her fires were burnt out. But if Jed had not done his noble deed there would have been an awful disaster for she would have struck the train long before her steam failed. When the president of the road heard of this deed he gave Jed his present position. Didn't he earn it?"

We both said "yes."

F. H. '97.

Why should a woman never attempt to write history?

Because her story can never be his-story.



MAID OF GREECE.

(A companion picture to "Maid of Athens.")

The Latin School Register

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E. K. BRYANT Editor in Chief
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I. A. REEVE, LUGGAY G. W. FULLER, Military
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MAY, 1895.

BASE BALL FLOURISHING in the sixth class. A debating society with three vice-presidents in the third. Next!

WITH APRIL COMES the opportunity for outdoor drill. We must make great strides in the few drill days that remain.

WHAT WITH THEIR little guns, and with the energy that they have displayed this year, our friends in the bayonet squad ought to make a fine showing next June.

THERE IS ONLY one more public declamation before the prize declamation. Next month brings with it the annual parade and the prize drill. The time is almost here when we shall enjoy another vacation.

BY THE CATALOGUE we are told that prizes are offered for original written essays, etc. They must be handed in on or before May 1st. Those who intend to compete ought to begin writing now if they have not already done so.

NOW THAT THE spring recess has come and gone we enter upon the final term of the school year. It is the shortest term for studying purposes that we have, on account of the frequent interruptions. There are practically but two months more for us to work in.

THE BASE BALL season is nearly at hand. Of course we have the natural and usual intention of surpassing all our former achievements. But the success that Captain Davis had with the foot ball eleven last fall encour-

ages us to believe that our expectations will be realized.

THE READING ROOM of the new Public Library offers splendid inducements as a place in which to study. The great assortment of books on the shelves right at one's elbow proves to be a great help. Some of the fellows have discovered this. They have set us a good example.

THE RESULT OF the indoor meeting on March 23, is in many ways encouraging. We see that the Latin School can enter a creditable number of boys, that there are boys in school who have the making of good athletes and that there is a considerable amount of interest and enthusiasm in the school. We see, too, that boys who compete in public for the first time are usually too nervous in their new surroundings to do themselves full justice. If the boys of the school can and will work for a few years harmoniously, persistently and systematically they can give it a high rank in this department of athletics. The Team Race was prettily won, and was of course very gratifying to our pride.

STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

In the February issue of the REGISTER, a design for a window for Mr. Chadwick's room was given, and this month the prolific designer submits a suggestion for a window for Room 13. This design is historically accurate, the background being a faithful portrayal of the grammar school at Stratford-on-Avon. The attitude and expression of the young poet, drinking in the sweet thoughts which he afterwards gave to the world in his wonderful plays ought to suggest to our readers the young man who has been the model for this picture.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Twombly, '92, is catching for the Yale "Varsity" nine.

Beale, '93, and Rand, '94, are trying for the Harvard "Varsity."

Scannell, '93, is the regular catcher for the Harvard "Varsity."

R. H. E. Starr, '92, is captain of the Harvard lacrosse team.

Cunniff, '94, is interesting himself in track athletics at Harvard.

McVey, '94, is a prominent candidate for the Harvard freshman team.

Whittemore, captain of the Harvard "Varsity," was a Latin School boy.

"Bart" Hayes, ex-'95, has been elected temporary captain of the Harvard freshman nine.

C. M., '95.

THE WEATHER.

Nature has made us talkative and so, in her usual kind spirit, she gave us something to talk about—the weather. Nature made us irritable, and so she gave us something which should always be present for us to vent our irritation on—the weather. The weather is not only the subject of remark and of irritation, but also of excitement and of innumerable false prophecies.

Who would enjoy going off on an excursion to a place ten miles away from home, if he did not have the consciousness that it is likely at any minute to pour, and that if it should he would inevitably be doused before he could get to shelter?

What sane person does not delight in laughing at the mistakes made by the weather-man, who has tried to find a system in a thing which utterly lacks system and in which the whole charm, like that of sundry heroines we have read of, lies in its constant inconstancy?

Why, if it had not been stormy when the Pilgrim fathers struck the coast of America, they would not have settled at Plymouth, and Boston would never have been founded, and of course that institution, the Boston Latin School, would never have been thought of, and all learning would, consequently, have gone to the dogs.

Thus it is plainly evident that the career of of the world would be brought to a sudden close if it were not for the weather.

C. R. L., '95.

THE NEW DEBATING CLUB.

A debating club has been formed in the third class, and all the boys in that class are eligible for membership. Meetings are held

every Friday afternoon in the lecture-room off the school hall, and already several Websters and one or two Clays are sprouting up. Debates will begin after the April recess, and there are rumors afloat that the second class will be challenged to a debate. If these two classes should come together it would cause a harmless rivalry which would be very beneficial to the boys. The officers of the new society are as follows:

President—J. J. O'Donnell.

First Vice-President—W. J. Keyes.

Second Vice-President—C. W. English.

Third Vice-President—J. F. Havery.

Secretary—L. J. Logan. F. H., '97.

HOW TO GET UP IN THE MORNING IN TIME TO GET TO SCHOOL.

Everybody who goes to school finds great difficulty in getting up (I don't say in waking up) in time to get there in season, and perhaps there are some like myself whom such ordinary devices as alarm-clocks and open curtains arouse, but fail to make arise. Now I want to make a suggestion to such. Do as I do.

I keep a clock where I can see it as soon as I wake up. The clock is twenty minutes fast. Now I look at the clock and see that it is, say, eight o'clock, by the chronometer, you understand. Now I must get up at ten minutes before eight o'clock to get to school at nine, and I am not so sleepy that I do not know it. But I am so sleepy as to forget that the clock is twenty minutes fast. So up I jump and I am usually about half dressed before I recall that the clock is fast and that I have wasted ten minutes that might have been spent in sound sleep.

C. R. L., '95.

NOTICE.

Prof. "Robert Morse," the author of "Summer Morning and Winter Evening," etc., would like exceedingly to form a class for the instruction of flirting, etc., etc. Special attention will be given to "osculation." Applications may be made at Room 18. (Prof. Morse will undertake to furnish young ladies.) Please don't all apply at once, as the supply of young ladies *may be* limited. (Kindly call on WHEELS.)

“Let It Go 'Round.”

A PRETTY story told in a foreign language, runs as follows:

In a duchy of southern Europe there was a small town which was frequently brought to the duke's notice by the many reports of the doings of the mayor and other townsmen.

The priests in the village church were very fond of jollity, and, to gratify their desires, were wont to assemble a few of the wealthier citizens, including the mayor, in the latter's

mayor had anything to do with it or that it had even been brought to his notice; for he was an old friend of the duke's, and a great deal of confidence was placed in him.

Nevertheless, he determined personally to investigate the matter. For this reason he removed his beard, donned the garb of a pedestrian, and set out towards the village.

When he entered the church, most of the congregation were already in their seats, but the mayor's party had not yet come in.



pew, directly after church on Sunday mornings.

Matters of general interest were discussed and surprisingly large quantities of wine were drunk at each meeting. There were altogether seven persons connected with this interesting affair, and the matter was thought to be known only to themselves.

However, it proved otherwise; for, as I said before, the duke had been informed of the case. At first he would not believe the

The duke went direct to the mayor's pew, and, to the astonishment of every one, seated himself in the corner. The pew was constructed in the form of a large box with chairs placed along the back for the accommodation of worshipers. It was the place of honor, reserved for the mayor and any friends whom he might wish to invite to sit with him. For a stranger, therefore, to sit there uninvited was considered a gross misdemeanor.

Presently the mayor, accompanied by

several stout old burghers, appeared, and, after casting contemptuous glances at the stranger, sat down on his left side.

After church, instead of departing, as the rest of the congregation had done, the stranger kept his seat. Again he was scrutinized by the mayor, but he did not budge from his place. Hereupon, perhaps just to show how little significance he attached to the stranger's presence, the mayor called to the priest to get the wine and join the party in his pew.

The priest complied, and before long the cup was set in motion. Some of the chairs had been placed in a circle and the party were soon engaged in conversation, all more or less eying the duke who was still on the mayor's right side.

The cup started with the mayor, who passed it to the man on his left instead of handing it to the duke. In this manner it was passed on

until it reached the man next to the duke, when the mayor cried out, "Let it now go around the other way." When it had returned to him, he again sent it around, and in this way the stranger was each time left out.

When this had gone on for some time, the stranger arose, and, throwing back his mantle, revealed the star signifying his station in life. Several of the lusty burghers attempted to flee, but in a loud tone the duke commanded them to return.

Then giving the mayor a sonorous cuff on the ear, he said, "Let it go around," and when it came to himself, he shouted, "Now let it go around the other way," Whenever the cuff was lightly given, he administered an extra rap with his cane.

It must be admitted that this was an effective means of punishment, and that no further trouble was given the duke upon this point.

"G. O. C., '97."

The Mountain of Mystery.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

XVI.

WHILE this was transpiring at Tholpec, Harry Rivers was passing through equally thrilling experiences. His decision had been made at once. He would renounce the pretensions to the throne that the conspirators had forced him to make. He was fully convinced of the sincerity of the Queen.

Upon the morning of the Great Festival, he left Tholpec, accompanied by Queziola. They travelled in a closely covered carriage, and no suspicions were aroused, as their departure was known only to a few of the Queen's servants. The outskirts of the city were reached without discovery, and Harry and his fair companion found no difficulty in passing aboard the boat which awaited them a short distance up the river. The craft was larger than that on which he had taken his voyage of several nights before, carried a triangular sail, and had a canopy, which concealed its occupants from prying eyes.

The journey up the river was the pleasantest event that had occurred during Harry's

short stay among the Atlans. The day was perfect; a cool breeze swept the smooth surface of the water, and downy clouds, floating in the blue sky, were reflected below in the deeper blue of the river. The boat seemed to hover, like an immense bird, between earth and sky. And, lest there be anything lacking, there was the sweet personality of the Queen to complete the divine harmony of nature.

But Harry's pleasurable meditations were soon banished by sterner realities. It must have been nearly noon, when a large lake was reached, from the centre of which rose the black, forbidding outlines of the Mountain of Mystery. The sides were precipitous, and it seemed that an ascent would be impossible; but, high above and clinging like flies to the steep incline, numberless little temples could be seen.

The boat sped lightly across the lake and apparently made directly for the solid wall of rock; but upon getting nearer, a narrow opening appeared, and, passing within, the sail was lowered and the boat drawn up by a land-

ing. The arched walls of stone overhung a small basin, and a severe portico rested against the rock above the landing. Here Queziola and Harry entered. Passing through a long hall, they finally reached an apparently solid partition, against which the passage came to an end. Queziola took a golden whistle from her girdle and, placing it between her lips, blew it gently; but the narrow passage seemed to seize the sound and intensify it wonderfully, till it rose to a terrible shriek.

a large hall, whose size was made to seem infinite by skillfully placed mirrors. Reclining in a heavy chair, sat an old man, clad in the black robes of priesthood and surrounded by many others in similar costumes. The old man's beard fell nearly to his waist and was of snowy whiteness. His face resembled that of a mummy; but his eyes sparkled like coals of fire. It was the High Priest of the sun, the most revered man of the Atlans. His power was unmeasured and extended over



The shrill, unearthly sound receded in the distance and finally passed out of hearing. For a short time, there was silence. Then the wall before them began to move. They stepped beyond it, into a round cylinder. Queziola closed the opening by means of a sliding, metal door. Suddenly Harry felt that the cylinder was mounting upwards; but it seemed to stop immediately. How far they had risen in that brief moment, he afterwards learned. As all motion ceased, the Queen slid back the panel and preceded Harry into

monarch and vassal alike. No one knew his age. It was said that he had been High Priest of this nation for centuries. All believed that he possessed the secrets of the indefinite prolongation of life.

As the Queen approached, all the other priests left the hall. Dagon sat, without speaking; but his sharp eyes seemed to emit flashes of unnatural light. Soon the Queen spoke.

"Dagon, thou art already informed of what is now occurring in Tholpec the Sacred. What is there to be done?"

"Nothing," said the priest, in a low tone.

"Nothing can be done. The allotment of fate cannot be changed. I have something important to reveal. It has been written by sages of the past that Tholpec the Sacred and the land of the Myrrha Tyrrhund shall perish as did the abodes of our fathers and even of our brothers in the South. The time draws near. It is even prophesied that this shall come to pass, when the people of the Atlans become split in halves, when war shall rise, and when the Myrrha Tyrrhund shall give forth smoke and flame. Listen. Till last eve, all this had been fulfilled save the last clause in the sacred prophecy. Last eve flames burned in the depth of the great cavern. O Queen, the prophecy shall be entirely fulfilled before the Sun God shall rise and sink thrice. Then shall Tholpec and the people of the Atlans be swept from the bosom of the earth. It is so fated!"

XVII.

Several hours later, Harry and Queziola, under the guidance of the High Priest, were descending into the bowels of the mountain, which seemed to be fairly honeycombed with passages and chambers. Dagon carried a lantern, as these rooms were far removed from the light of day. Everywhere were the immense burial urns of High Priests and Kings who had ruled over the Atlans in the past. Room after room revealed the same narrow vista of dingy, gray jars. The light from the lantern penetrated but a short distance and served only to intensify the gloom which filled these forbidding places. Nothing was said by the trio; but their thoughts were busy.

At last Dagon paused and lifted a slab from the floor by a large ring. All bent over the aperture and gazed into the Stygian darkness below. Far beneath could be seen a little point of fire, which increased and abated continually. It must have been thousands of feet below, so minute did it appear. As they looked, they became conscious of a peculiar fume and a distant, muffled rumbling. Dagon waved them back and dropped the slab into place again. He picked up the lantern and said as if in soliloquy:

"The Spirit of Destruction is verily awakened. For ages hath he slumbered; but now are the days of our race fulfilled. Even since the God of Light arose, those flames have advanced."

He led the way to another room, in the center of which stood a circle of pillars, around an opening in the floor. Upon the base of each pillar was a time worn hieroglyphic inscription.

"Queen of the Atlans," said Dagon, "we now enter where no member of our race has been since Molocl led our ancestors hither and founded the sacred city of Tholpec. Below us lies the great secret, the inspiration of our race. Within these columns of stone, no man has passed, since the ashes of Molocl were lowered to their last resting place in the chamber below. The inscriptions here are a

prophecy of our inevitable destruction, and mark this,—'May the eternal curse of Molocl Son of Light rest upon him who enters here before that day when the throne of the Atlans shall totter and the *Kunya Tyrrhund* nourish fire in its bosom.' Those conditions are now fulfilled. The time has come, and the curse is removed. Let us enter."

He passed between the columns, and the others followed. Unrolling a long rope from about his waist, he secured it around one of the pillars and dropped its other end through the opening in the floor. Swinging over the edge, he slid rapidly down, out of sight in the darkness. Harry began to wonder how he should get Queziola down; but she, as if noticing his embarrassment, smilingly said:

"I need no assistance; but do thou look to the lantern."

With these words, she seized the rope and disappeared. Harry swung the lantern on his arm and slid down also. It was not far to the bottom, and there he found the others. A fine dust covered everything, and they were forced to move carefully, lest the air become filled with it and breathing be impaired. Directly before them, as they turned from the rope, stood a great stone urn, carved in bold relief. As his eyes rested upon it, Dagon whispered in awed tones:

"Here lie the ashes of our first King, the founder of our race, Molocl Son of Light, who built these walls many ages ago and who led our forefathers from the land of their birth, before the sea engulfed it. Here are stored the stone tablets on which the former history of the Atlans was written by the sages of Atlantis."

Harry gazed at the heaps of these long lost records and thought how priceless would they be, could they be removed to civilization. All the doubts shrouding primeval history would be finally banished. But this train of thought was interrupted. A dizzy sensation suddenly possessed him, and his companions seemed likewise affected. His limbs grew unsteady, and he reeled in his attempts to remain erect. Then the awful truth dawned upon him. The floor was moving! The sickening horror inspired by an earthquake seized him, as he felt the massive stones waver under his feet. He staggered towards the rope, but, hearing a moan by his side, paused. Queziola had sunk upon the heaving pavement. Leaning over, he took her limp figure in his arms and hastened to grasp the rope. As he did so, a mighty shudder swept through the place, and everything seemed to hang for a moment in suspense. Then came a deafening crash. Walls bulged out and fell, and clouds of dust arose. For a time all was chaos. Then quiet was gradually restored, and soon there was profound, deathly silence. The air was full of dust and Harry could hardly breathe, much less see; but he knew that beneath him was a great, empty gulf, how great he knew not. He clung desperately to the rope; for not only his own life depended on his strength but also the life of her whom he held

in his arms. He could not climb the rope, burdened as he was, and he felt that it would be a matter of only a few seconds before he must relax his hold and go whirling down into the depths, where burned the fierce volcanic fires. His head began to swim. He seemed to be revolving at a terrific speed. His senses began to desert him, and he felt his fingers slipping from the rope.

(To be continued.)

INTERSCHOLASTIC INDOOR MEET.

In commenting on the showing which our team made, it is not our intention to complain of the defeats which it sustained, but to praise each and every member for the indomitable pluck which all, without exception, displayed.

We must congratulate our team for outrunning our rival, the E. H. S. team, in the team race, which, even our adversaries must admit, was won on its merits. Dority, who started first, seemed tired, and no wonder, since he had just finished in the 300-yard run. E. H. S.'s lead on Dority was more than made up by Smith, '96, who proved himself to be a very fast and plucky runner. Smith gained some ground, and Hill simply ran away from his opponent, and Morse, who seemed rather tired from his previous exertion, kept the lead until the end. Our team as a whole must be praised for its success, which it gained in spite of the fact that not one man on the team had ever entered the meet before. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Jones and Mr. Pennypacker, who have taken so great an interest in the team and who have trained the men most diligently.

The Worcester High School boys, who won the school shield, fully deserved their success. Their team work was very fine, and they also showed a determination to win, which, coupled with the splendid support given them by their schoolmates, resulted in a glorious victory.

In the 40-yard dash, our men did not show up as well as was expected, which can be

attributed to their "greenness." This event was won by Roche, of Worcester High, who equalled the record of 4.4-5 seconds.

The 1000-yards run ended disastrously to our men since not one of them was in range of the winner at the finish.

In the 880-yards walk, Kesselhuth kept well to the front until he was disqualified for running.

Morse did very well in the 600-yards run, being the only man from our team to earn a place in the finals.

In the remaining events we were out-classed, although Eaton did well in the shot put, and Wallet has shown great improvement in the pole vault.

The training which our men got this year must surely result in more success or even victory in '96. C. M. '95.

BASE BALL.

As our ball team this year has only three of last year's men, it is very evident that we have a great deal of work to accomplish in order to win the pennant.

Captain Davis, last month, issued his first call for candidates for the nine, and his announcement met with a hearty response, fully forty-two men reporting for practice in the drill hall. After about a month's indoor training, the team has at last begun practice on Clover field.

The poorer candidates have been dropped from time to time until now there are about twenty candidates left. Of course, Capt. Davis is sure of his position, as are Maguire and Gillis. The men who are showing the best form now are Davis, catcher; Foster, pitcher; Curran, first base; Maguire, second base; Bufford, short stop; Gillis, third base; Newton, right field; Sears, center and Jameson, left field. None of the new men are sure of being on the team, and a little harder work on the part of some of the men who think they have a sure thing, would do no harm.

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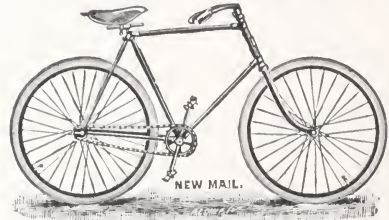


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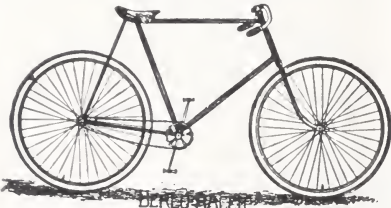
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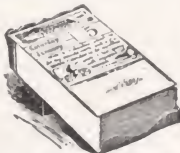
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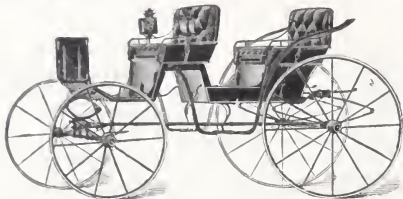
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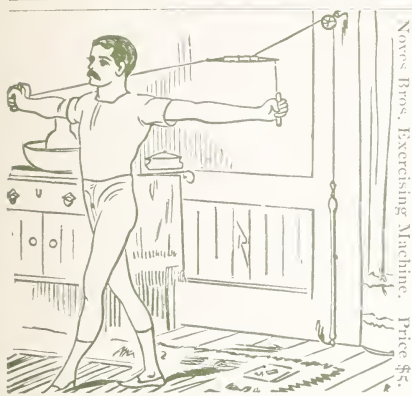
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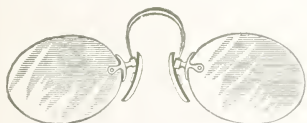
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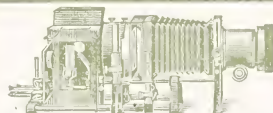
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